Leopards, tygers play,
Round her as she lay;
While the lion old,
Bow'd his mane of gold,
And her bosom lick,
And upon her neck,
From his eyes of flame,
Ruby tears there came;
While the lionels,
Loos'd her slender dress,
And naked they convey'd
To caves the sleeping maid.

The Little Girl Found

All the night in woe,
Lyca's parents go:
Over valleys deep,
While the deserts weep.

Tired and woe begone,
Hoarse with making moan,
Arm in arm seven days
They trace the desart ways.

Seven nights they sleep,
Among shadows deep:
And dream they see their child
Starv'd in desart wild.

Pale thro pathless ways
The fancied image strays.